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PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

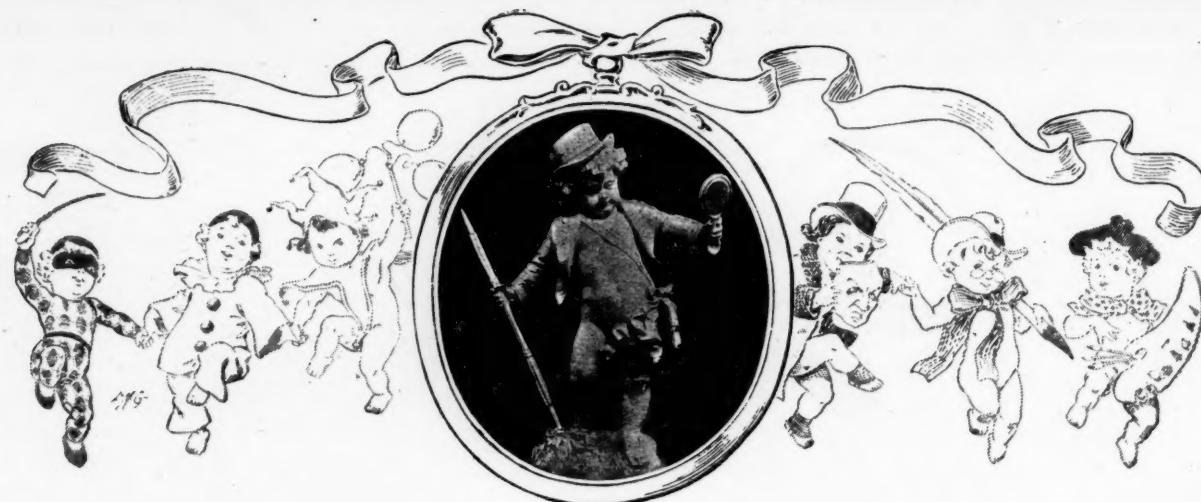
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THE TWO RAZORS.

UNCLE SAM.— Well, I'll give this here safety-razor a good fair trial, and then, if I don't like it, I'll go back to the old one.



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

WILLIAM J. GAYNOR, *née* Judge, is unpopular with a good many people, and with many good people, because he is the Tammany candidate for Mayor of New York. Mr. Hearst, for instance, says things which are positively cutting and unkind. He alludes, through one of his newspapers, to "the unblushing bride of Tammany," and further intimates that an honorable candidacy for public office is quite impossible where there is Tammany endorsement and support. Now, all this is very uncharitable in Mr. Hearst. He should have a little more of the milk of human kindness left at his door every morning. Two years ago the same boss, Mr. Murphy, with whom Mr. Hearst so objects to having Judge Gaynor associate, was the Hon. William Randolph's confidential side-partner in an attempt to win the governorship from "an animated feather-duster." That, at least, was the Hearst-Murphy description of the opposing candidate. Then again, in 1903, when McClellan first ran for Mayor, the Hearst papers, if we remember rightly, were the only dailies in New York County which supported the Tammany ticket. Incidentally they did quite a little gloating the day after election, when Tammany's victory was a triumphant certainty. Sandwiched in between his support of Tammany in 1903 and his partnership with Tammany in 1905, Mr. Hearst ran *against* Tammany in the Mayoralty race of 1905 — a record indeed replete with what has been termed the spice of life. Mr. Hearst, therefore, should not be too savage in his attacks on Judge Gaynor, for when it comes to hymeneal metaphors, Mr. Hearst has been something of "an unblushing bride" himself upon occasion. Forbearance should now be the keynote of his criticism, not relentless animosity. Mr. Hearst should see in Judge Gaynor a replica of himself. He was not defiled by wallowing in Fourteenth Street pitch, so why should Gaynor's anatomy necessarily be soiled? Tammany itself is always the same, unchanging in its objects, whether

the boss be Dick, or Bill, or Charley; but the attitude of great and noble New Yorkers toward Tammany is as changing as the sands of simile. Edward M. Shepard called Tammany Hall "the foulest blot" on the city's history, and shortly afterward hustled for mayor at the head of a Tammany ticket. Edward M. Grout with spirit described Tammany as "a stench in the nostrils of every decent citizen," and straightway ran for Controller under the "stench" emblem. As for Mr. Hearst, it seems to us that he has been on both sides of the fence too often to be entirely convincing upon either. Judge Gaynor might allude to him as the unblushing *divorcee* of Tammany if this were a campaign of personalities.

Now THAT the highest court in the State has applied the words "unlawfully, wilfully, knowingly, and fraudulently" to certain doings of Charles W. Morse, we wonder if a valued contemporary will again refer to Morse as "one of the most enterprising business men in this country who lately met with misfortune"?

A M I BOUND to ask a license of any man or any body of men to look for the Pole?
—Dr. Cook.

Probably not; but to make sure, consult the nearest Tammany license bureau.

THE NO-TIP hotel in London is filled to overflowing — doubtless with people who intend to get good service by tipping secretly and penitiously.

ANDREW JACKSON is not pleased a little bit at the way Judge Gaynor is using without permission his copyrighted expression, "By the Eternal!"

WHEN Cook sends his Scientific proofs to the Danes we expect to hear Peary exclaim: "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark!"



THE CATPAW.
IN THIS CASE, THE TIGER'S PAW ALSO.

PUCK



SINGERS AND THE SONG.—I.

"Say, darling, say, when I'm far away,
Sometimes you may think of me, dear;
Bright sunny days will soon fade away,
Remember what I say, and be true, dear."

HALLOWE'EN AUGURIES.

BY MRS. GEORGE BEALE.



THEY say that on All-Hallow Eve
You'll learn your future weal.
That may be so, but naught I tried
E'er showed to me George Beale!

I took a candle once at twelve,
Up the dark stairs did steal.
In lonely room in mirror gazed,—
But did n't see George Beale!

At a party once with weirdest rites,
That made all things unreal,
We chose our partners by a broom,—
I did n't get George Beale!

At dead of night, with bated breath,
(Fear did my blood congeal!)
I backward walked a lonely block,—
But did n't meet George Beale!

I pricked my finger, wrote a name
With blood, and then did kneel
At midnight drear to bury it,—
But did n't write George Beale!

All-Hallow Eve, I fear, 's a fraud!
Not e'en an apple-peel
Thrown o'er my head would ever form
The initials of George Beale!

TO BE disappointed in love breaks a woman's heart; to be disappointed in marriage sours her; but to make her furious she has to be disappointed in divorce.

Culture is a good thing, if only for women to fall back on when the styles render them, for the time being, impossible.

PANIC.

PANIC reigned—men spoke in whispers, or not at all, women sobbed, and little children clung terrified to their mothers' skirts. Manifestly a great evil impended. Was it famine, a general failure of the fruits of the earth? No, for these had never promised more bountifully.

Pestilence, then? Not that, either,—the public health was as sound as possible.

None of these, nor war, nor riot.

But the President of the Great Overland Railway had a headache, and his temperature was a tenth of a degree higher than it should be, and the newspapers could n't keep still, and the nation was a commercial nation, and business was business, and the piper had to be paid by somebody.



HE WAS ON.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Alfred, do you know the meaning of Faith?

ALFRED.—Yes'm. It's when a feller puts a picture of the Prohibition candidate in his winder with "Our Next Mayor" on it.

MRS. DRUMMOND (*interrupting*).—Oh, I know she has; do tell me what her trouble is now.

MRS. DUNCANER.—Why, she had set her heart upon getting a red-plush rocker with one thousand tobacco tags, and just when her husband had collected nine hundred and ninety-five he got a divorce!

QUERY.

WHY is it that so many rich old women seem glad to marry boys in their twenties, and that so few have the courage to say: "I can't wed you, John, but I'll be a grandmother to you"?



SUBTLE FLATTERY.

MR. BALDWIN.—There's a hair in my soup, waiter!

GARÇON.—Oh! Ze magnifique hair! Undoubtedly from Monsieur's head!

MR. BALDWIN (*mollified*).—Well, well; accidents will happen!

PUCK



IT HAPPENED TO EURIPIDES, TOO.

STAGE-MANAGER (*to Shakespeare during rehearsal of "Hamlet"*). —Now, say! I bin on the stage twenty-two years an' I tell you to cut out all that soliloquy dope. The public'll never stand for it. It's rotten!

YO SUMMEH'S WAGES.

H! de Fall Win', jes' like a boy from school,
Am a-comin' down de highway;
An' I bet he's broke de ole Masteh's rule —
An' I guess he am comin' my way:
Fo' I see him dancin' upon de hill,
Whar de road an' dry an' dusty;
An' I heah him bellerin' fit to kill,
An' his voice am mighty lusty! —
Singin' dis song dat his hea't engages:
"W'at has yo' done wid yo' summeh's
wages?"

Oh! de Fall Win's books was de trees an'
flow'rs —
But he jes' loafed roun' a-guessin';
An' he wasted all ob de summeh hours —
Fo' he neber got a lesson.
An' to-day he's to'n up his painted books
An' he's sent de leabes a-sittin', —
Till dey lights at las' in de fiel's an' brooks,
Like de winteh snowflakes driftin'! —
Bringin' dese wo'ds on dey crumpled pages:
"Say! w'at has you done wid yo' summeh's wages?"

Oh! de Fall Win's voice am as sad an' grim
As de song dat he am singin';
An' I hain't no use fo' de likes ob him —
N'r de message he am bringin'.
Fo' it makes me l'ink ob de summeh gone,
W'en I did n't save a dollah;
An' I knows w'at a thin suit I's got on —
An' my stomach jes' how holleh!
Lo'd! dis am de puzzle ob all de ages:
"What has you done wid yo' summeh's wages?"

James Ball Naylor.

BEFORE THE SHOWER.

SHEM.—You'd better get ready for the flood, brother!
JAPHET.—Did father say this was the day for the begin-
ning of the rain?

SHEM.—Not in so many words; but he went out minus his
umbrella!

DEAD EASY.

WHAT delicious little cakes these are!" said the tourist to the mistress of the little roadside eating-house. "Are they easy to make? And would you mind giving me the recipe?"

"They're dead easy to make, Miss, an' I jess as soon as not tell you how to make 'em. You jess take as much flour as you reckon you'll need an' as much bakin'-powder as you reckon will do for risin' an' a pinch o' salt an' a dab or two o' butter an' a good deal o' sugar if you want 'em real sweet an' less if you druther have 'em only meeju'm sweet. If you have cream put some in an' if not milk will do together with an egg or two an' mebbe a little citron peel or a few currants or anything o' that kind you'd like to throw in, an' that is all there is to it, 'cordin' to my way o' thinkin', exceptin' to bake 'em done as you like 'em.

"Some likes 'em donder than others, an' I bake 'em the dondest they kin be without reely burnin'."



DOUBTLESS.

THE HOME BODY.—What's the principal industry in New York, near as ye could judge, Abner?

THE TRAVELED MAN.—Steppin' lively, I reckon.



NO LUCK AT ALL.

NEAR-SIGHTED FARMER (*out for a day's shootin'*).—Dod rat it! The air's full of 'em, but they won't one of 'em light!

PUCK

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

YARVARD COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, MASS., Monday.

EAR FATHER:



I am dropping you just a word to-night to let you know that I arrived safely and have found a room. I have not been hazed yet. I had expected that the Sophomores would meet all us Freshmen at the depot and nab us as we stepped off the train, but they did n't. I am going to stay in nights. You bet I don't want the Sophomores to get me! Your affectionate son,
WILLIAM.

NEW HAVEN, MASS., Tuesday.

DEAR FATHER:

Am well settled in my room by this time. To-day I went around to the Bursar's office to pay my tuition dues. Gee, but there was a mob! I never saw fellows fight so to pay out money! Some boys rooming in the same house here were telling that the Sophomores caught a Freshman last night and made him climb a tree, but I believe they were trying to string me. This hazing business is not so bad as they try to make out.

Affectionately,

WILLIAM.

NEW HAVEN, MASS., Thursday.

DEAR DAD:

All those stories that the fellows from college used to tell about hazing were hot air. That stuff about Freshmen getting put under pumps and ducked in tanks was all rot. I'll admit that I was a little afraid of the Sophomores the day I came, but now I'm wise. To-night a bunch of we Freshmen are going out for some fun. The Sophomores better use the middle of the road for their sidewalk.

Yours, WILLIAM.

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR MERCY HOSPITAL,
NEW HAVEN, MASS.

Friday, Oct. 9.

MR. ROBERT MORGAN, New Rochelle, New York.

Dear Sir: Fearing that you might be alarmed by the newspaper stories appearing this morning about the hazing last night of your son and several associates by the Sophomores, I hasten to report to you his true condition. Your son William is not dead, as the papers claim. On the contrary, this morning he shows a marked improvement, and we are encouraged to believe that with skilled attention and careful nursing we will have him on his feet in a few weeks from date.

Respectfully yours,

F. L. MURDOCK, M.D.
Don Kahn.

THE ONLY ONE.

“WAS EVER a man an originator and a plagiarist at the same time?”

“Yes, the first plagiarist was.”

HOT AIR.

“WHAT is the motive power of Smith's airship? Gasoline?”

“No. Mostly lung.”

LACONIC.

“HAIR’s a little inclined to—”

“Cut it!” interrupted the man who wanted to catch a train.

HE WHO wins the day seldom woos the night.



THE MODERN PHOENIX.

THE MORE GLORIOUS ALTERNATIVE.

M AUD MULLER knew what she wanted. “I'd rather be written up in a poem that the funny men will be parodying a hundred years from now, than marry the Judge to-morrow!” she exclaimed, and suiting the action to the word she raked the meadow sweet with hay in such a manner that the Judge, riding slowly down the lane, smoothed his horse's chestnut mane and let it go at that.

Naturally the girl's folks were considerably disgusted at having her left on their hands that way, but who ever purchased a worthy immortality cheaply?

TRUTH VS. NEWS.

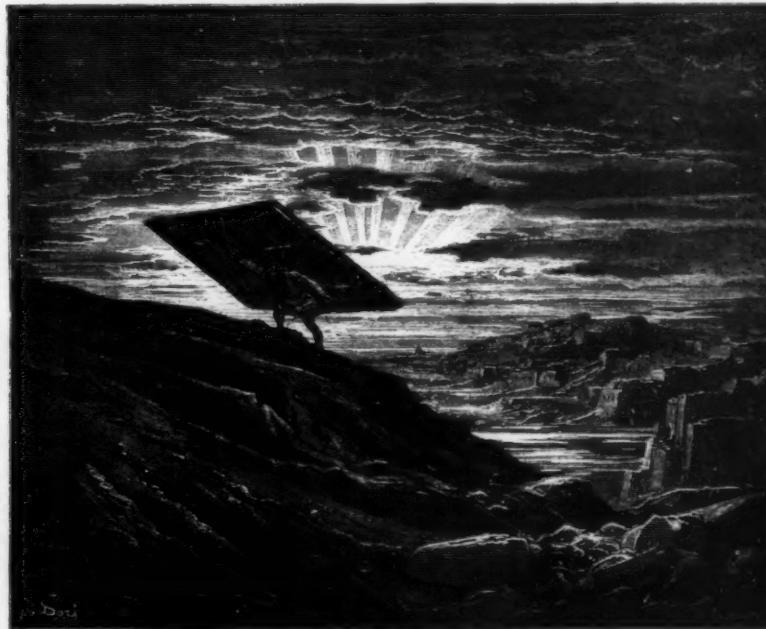
T RUTH is made up of these ingredients:

- (1.) The things we can't know, nine parts.
- (2.) The things we can know, one part.

And the things we can know comprise these:

- (1.) The things we don't like, nine parts.
- (2.) The things we do like, one part.

So that all the news that's fit to print isn't such a lot—about a hundredth fraction of the whole truth, in fact.



THE FIRST HALLOWE'EN PRANK:
SAMSON CARRYING AWAY THE GATES OF THE CITY OF GAZA.

The great man who is so very great that he can't be much like other men, has to wait some time before he is discovered.

PUCK



"THIRD ACT! STRETCH! EVERYBODY UP!"

ASSUMING THAT A POPULAR CUSTOM OF THE BALL-FIELD WILL SOME DAY BE APPLIED
TO THE THEATER.

TROUBLE.

TROUBLE is an old institution, founded by a couple of pioneer settlers of this country, who laid the cornerstone in the shade of an old apple-tree some five thousand years ago.

Trouble is therefore most undoubtedly a sin and a shame.

THIS BEATS—



WITH WAXED MUSTACHE AND
SHINY SLICKED HAIR—

Trouble has such a multiplicity of forms that we enumerate only a few of the most common, with the causes producing them:

Stomach trouble: Primarily an imaginary condition, encouraged by breakfast-food advertisements and maintained by patent medicines.

Throat trouble: A popular and easily-acquired form, due to high license and agitation for prohibition.

Heart trouble: A primitive form dating back to the first affinity, leading up to such questions as race suicide and the price of school shoes.

Labor trouble: An extremely perplexing form, due to prosperity.

Financial trouble: One of the most embarrassing and vexatious forms of trouble, popularly conceded to be the fault of the Administration of either political party. This annoying condition, however, is sometimes observed locally on or about the first of the month.

Matrimonial trouble: A form peculiar to mates who won't tote fair.

Domestic trouble, bleached and unbleached race trouble, with its studies in black and white, and so on—but what's the use of hunting trouble? Trouble is like a roller-towel—there is no end to it. F. F. Quinn.

ISAAC NEWTON!



IT IS BAD FORM TO SLEMBER
'NEATH THE OLD APPLE-TREE.

PUCK

WHY WE PARTED.

'LL lend no more,"
Said Smith one day;
"I've found that you
Don't never pay."
So parted we
Upon that date;
Such language I
Can't tolerate.

Said Phyllis Jones :
"You'll get no kiss;
I seen you hug
That other miss."
It was enough!
We parted there;
Such English I
Could never bear.

P. C. W.

LAST NIGHT'S MEETING.

*As Accurately Described in the Partisan Press
of To-day.*

LEADER A. B. SEEDY was escorted to the chair by three prominent members of the organization amid tremendous enthusiasm on the part of the admiring throng. For ten minutes the Chairman was unable to begin his address on account of the spontaneous outburst of cheering. When silence was finally restored, Mr. Seedy delivered a masterful analysis of the situation replete with inspiring sentiments. During his statesmanlike discourse the hall repeatedly rang with the plaudits of the assembled citizens. A number of strong resolutions pointing out existing evils in our body politic, with their several remedies, and demanding reforms were adopted. The platform is a honest and unequivocal declaration of plain principles upon which the party is bound to win.

Paul C. Willard.

BOSS "ALEC" SEEDY was escorted to the chair by three notorious members of the machine amid an unearthly din raised by a gang of thugs and ward heelers. For some moments the chairman encouraged this paid clique to continue its bogus, made-to-order demonstration. Then Seedy gave them the wink to stop the noise and began a violent harangue full of abusive epithets and disgusting drivel. Whenever Seedy stopped for breath the gang of hirelings who packed the hall resumed their annoying racket. The usual number of stereotyped resolutions, written in a vague and rambling style, were adopted. The platform is a fabric of fallacies designed to deceive and the one thing needed to insure the party's defeat.



THE GOLDEN APPLE.

A PERPETUAL HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

ROMANCE.

If you find the characters in a historical romance doing curious things pray consider how necessary, in the exigencies of art, that may be. For instance, these characters in their originals are not seldom persons so wishful to keep their purposes to themselves as to render obscure, in real life, much that need be plain as a pikestaff in the story. Where a public finds itself unable to read and chew gum and think all at once, a few choice spirits will cut out the gum, but the majority of mankind will prefer to revolt at whatsoever exacts of them any consecutive thinking.

Therefore it is that we have Miltiades telling the chambermaid at his hotel precisely how he intends to whip the Persians at Marathon, and Scipio unfolding his plans for the destruction of Carthage to the traveling-man in the berth across the aisle. Ramsey Benson.

PRACTICAL.

EXAMINER.—What is meant, Mr. Smoothly, theologically speaking, by Necessity and Free Will?

CANDIDATE.—Well, where a man gives because he belongs to the Church himself, that is Free Will. But where he gives because his wife belongs, that is Necessity.



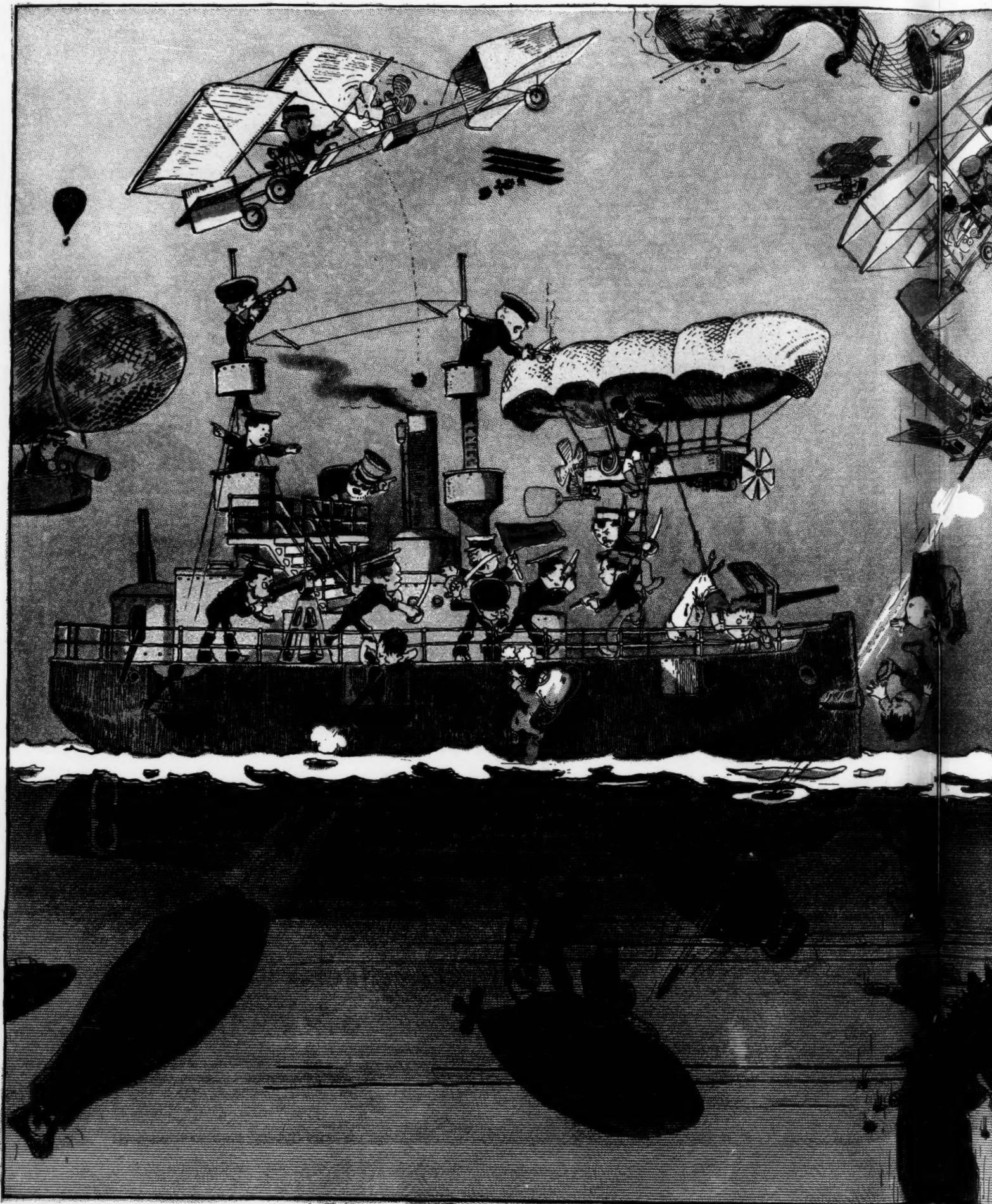
NOT YET, BUT SOON.

READY MADE.

REAL-ESTATE AGENT (measuring gentleman for a flat).—You're a little large, I'm afraid, sir, for the flat on East 202d Street, but there is one on the next block that would fit you nicely, I think.

And yet, after all, how much that a moderately poor man may not have will a moderately wise man wish for?





THE PUCK PRESS.

SURELY THE WORLD IS

Whereas formerly we fought our naval battles on top of the water only, we now m

PUCK



WORLD IS GROWING BETTER.

The water only we now may fight them *on* the water, *over* the water, and *under* the water!

PUCK

THE TRAIN PEST.

I WAS sitting in the smoker lost in deep tranquillity,
As we dashed through an assorted lot of matchless scenery;
And I gazed upon the landscape in a sort of rapt repose
'Till the train-boy shoved a sack of salted peanuts 'neath
my nose.
But I waved him off and murmured: "Chase yourself!
I would beguile
Myself. This prospect pleases, and only man is vile."
And I turned once more to Nature, but insistently he cried:
"Paper, morning paper, Mister? Won't you buy a railroad
guide?"

Through the Heaven-kissing mountains there were
views beyond compare,
But the glimpse I had was furtive, for the "newsy"
had some rare
Works of fiction, and he labored to convince me of my need
Of Marie Corelli's latest and the tales of Opie Read.
Still I held the fort against him; I was anxious to behold
Some of those "ten thousand wonders" which the railroad-
folder told
Might be seen from the car window, but how could I find the chance
When the "butcher" tried to nail me for the Union Newsboys'
Dance?

He had sandwiches of chicken, he had sandwiches of cheese,
And his joke-book, "Drummers' Stories," he described as one long wheeze;
He had tinsel panoramic views, and thought it very queer
I preferred the flying landscape to his *cartes de souvenir*.
All in vain I tried to flee him, still he sought to coax my self,
And it seemed he carried everything but Eliot's five-foot shelf;
He could furnish sermons, playing-cards, a puzzle or rebus,
But he could n't furnish scenery, so I addressed him thus:

"Boy, my system craves no popcorn, and I'd also have you know
I don't care for any gumdrops, for I am no Eskimo.
I cannot abide Corelli, I'm not partial to Hall Caine;
I have read the Six Best Sellers, but I'll ne'er do so again.
Tempt me not with scented bonbons; let me smoke my own cigars;
Take away those vivid photos of the lovely lady stars.
There's just one boon I'm craving: Granting it may you be blest:
Prove yourself the one exception: Give, O give me, boy, a REST!"

Arthur D. Pratt.



A COUNTRY COURTSHIP.

THE CHAPERON.

A man may be an ignoramus, or a lunatic, or the greatest bore in the world,—
it all depends on his manner of differing with us.



HOUSE-PARTY PLEASURES.

PLACARD FOR THE GUIDANCE OF THE WEEK-END GUEST.

THE SENTIMENTAL CABINETS.

FOR post-vacation memories of both sexes. Good until the
Summer season of 1910.

INTANGIBLES.

- 78 Kisses.
- 22 Squeezes of the hand.
- 18 Moonlight walks.
- 83 Fond glances.
- 25 Invitations to call in City.
- 300 Sighs.
- 17 Stories of Life.
- 20 High Resolves.
- 11 Determinations to set world
on fire.
- 10 Heart-to-Heart talks.
- 40 Sweet Nothings.

TANGIBLES.

- 1 Crushed violet.
- 4 Locks of hair (assorted).
- 3 Books of poetry.
- Miscellaneous pieces of tree bark.
- 2 Pieces of fungi with carved initials.
- 2 Feathers from her hat.
- 1 Piece of hammock rope.
- 18 Calling-cards.
- 22 Photographs.
- 40 Souvenir post-cards.
- Assorted Indian knickknacks.
- 1 Pebble from near moonlit rock.

A SOFT SNAP.

"HAY ALL in?" asked Amzi Cloverbud of Israel Pepperpod,
as they drew rein in the road leading to the village.

"All in," said Israel.

"I reckon I'll finish up mine by Sat'day. What are
you doin' now?"

"Not much o' nothin'. Havin' a kind of a soft snap
of it. Ain't milkin' but nine cows now, an' I take it easy in
bed until 'most five o'clock mornin's. Fact is, I ain't got
much to do this Fall but dig ten- or twelve bushels o' pertaters
and grub out six or eight acres o' my timber land an' git it
ready to seed down in the Spring an' git out seventy-five
cord o' wood I agreed to deliver in town by Christmas.
Got to put up 'bout half a mile o' wire fence an' shingle
my barn an' putter round at work o' that sort, but I got so
much less than usual to do that I feel as if I was havin' a
kind of a soft snap of it."

TO THE MINUTE.

POST.—Is theirs an up-to-date church, do you know?

PARKER.—Absolutely. They advertise a connecting
garage.

A HOPELESS CASE.

"WHAT WAS the trouble with them—incompatibility of temper?"
"Yes, he never would get angry when she was."

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RETORT SARCASTIC.

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loath to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.

"I shall never forget you," he says; "and if death should claim me, my last thoughts will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live!" They parted.

Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has changed greatly; between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really, I don't know," he says; "probably my father!"—*Tit-Bits*.

"The 24-Hour St. Louis"

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD'S New Fast Train to St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Cleveland

Beginning November 7, 1909

Leave New York	6.25 P. M.
Leave North Philadelphia	8.15 P. M.
Leave Washington	7.00 P. M.
Leave Baltimore	8.10 P. M.
Arrive Cleveland	7.30 A. M.
Arrive Cincinnati	10.30 A. M.
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"The 24-Hour New Yorker" will leave St. Louis 6.00 P. M., and
arrive Baltimore 5.20 P. M., Washington 6.25 P. M.,
North Philadelphia 5.10 P. M.
New York 7.00 P. M.

THE ROUTE OF FIRST FAST TRAINS

J. R. WOOD,
Passenger Traffic Manager.

GEO. W. BOYD,
General Passenger Agent.

THE FAMILY SKELETON.

TEACHER.—What is your father's occupation?

LITTLE BOY.—I can't tell you.

TEACHER.—But you must!

LITTLE BOY.—My father doesn't want me to tell.

TEACHER.—I insist on your telling me! I have to know.

LITTLE BOY (*tearfully*).—He's—he's the bearded lady of the dime museum.—*Youth's Companion*.

WHICH WAY?

"What did you say last night when Jack asked you to marry him?"

"I shook my head."

"Sideways or up and down?"—*Boston Transcript*.



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ARTISTIC APPROVAL.

"Did you tell that photographer you did n't want your picture taken?"

"Yes," answered the eminent but uncomely personage.

"Did he take offense?"

"No. He said he did n't blame me."—*Washington Star*.

FORGETTING THE PAST.

VISITOR.—Can you read the past?

FORTUNE TELLER.—Certainly. That's my business.

"Then I wish you'd tell me what it was my wife told me to get for her!"—*Boston Globe*.

"WHAT makes you think she will marry you?"

"She's married other men!"—*Truth*.



BROMO~SELTZER
CURES
HEADACHES
10¢, 25¢, 50¢ & \$1.00 Bottles.

TO WAS OR NOT TO WAS.

"Dear me, now!" exclaimed the nervous old lady, with the seventeen packages and the parrot, bound for Cockie-on-the-Shell. "What did the guard say was the next station? Did he say Cockie-on-the-Shell?"

"Excuse me," remonstrated the girl from Girton. "You mean what is the next station. It's still a station, you know."

"You're wrong, madam," interposed an octogenarian. "What is was, isn't it?"

"Is is was?" asked the Girton girl sharply.

"Don't be ridiculous!" snapped the nervous old lady. "Was may be is; but if was was is, then is isn't is, or was wasn't was." She passed her hand across her fevered brow. "If was is, was is was, is n't it?" she continued. "But if is is was, then —"

"Listen!" interposed a fifth. "Is is; was was; was was was; is is is."

"Oh, well, anyway," cried the old lady, "is the next station my station—Cockie-on-the-Shell?"

"No, madam," replied the octogenarian. "But it was. We have just gone by it!"—*Answers*.

"BUT I don't see that you need be so heart-broken because Mabel Fly-away has jilted you."

"It is n't the jilting I mind, but she returned the ring in a parcel marked 'Glass. With care'!"—*Exchange*.



ALMOST READY.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR.—Ready soon, old man?

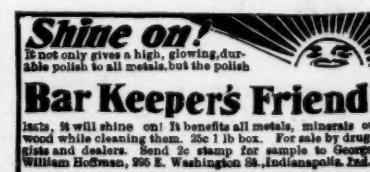
MR. OZONEHURST.—Yep; be with you right away. Just as soon as I wash the rest of these dishes and dry them and put them away and make the beds and telephone the grocer and butcher and sweep the porch and tidy up the parlor and dust the dining-room and feed the cat. Wife's gone to the city to get another cook.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your getting the very best.

THE HINT THAT FAILED.

WIFE.—A tree, you know, gets new clothes every Spring—hat, parasol, everything!

HUSBAND.—Yes, darling, and makes them all itself.—*Fliegende Blätter*.



HIS PRIZE-WINNING STORY.

The Englishman was asked to speak at the Al Fresco Dining Club. He arose, stuck his monocle in his eye, and told this story:

"I was in Chicago at a dinnah, you know," said he, "wheah they were to give a prize for the best story. One fellah got up and told a story and sat down, another told another story and sat down, don't you know; then they asked me to tell a story. I arose and began:

"I am an Englishman with a sense of humor!"

"And to my amazement they gave me the prize before I could say anothah word. You see what I mean?"—*New York Press*.

MR. CLEVELAND used to tell a story of an old darkey who risked his life when out fishing to save a small darkey. He was asked whether the boy was his own. "Oh, no, sah; he not my son." "Well, was he some relative, that you risked your life for him?" "No, sah; he no relative; no sah." "Then why did you plunge in in that reckless way and fetch him out?" "Well, sah, the fact is, sah, that that boy had the bait!"—*Argonaut*.

Yes, friend,
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BEER
Ever Brewed

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet.
Insist on "Blatz"
Correspondence invited direct

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ABSENT-MINDED.

WILLIE.—Papa, there's a big black bug on the ceiling.

PAPA (*busy reading*).—Well, step on it and don't bother me.—*Boston Transcript*.

AND GET A CHAIRMANSHIP.

KNICKER.—Johnny does just what he is told.

BOCKER.—He will grow up to be a Congressman.—*The Sun*.

EXACTING.

"What does your husband like for his breakfast?"

"Anything I haven't got in the house!"—*Cleveland Leader*.



FOR SALE—PUCK'S ORIGINALS.

WING to the many requests for the original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the Publishers have decided to place them all on sale. These drawings by PUCK'S artists are in various methods,—pen-and-ink, "wash," crayon, pencil, etc. The original drawing is from three to four times as large as the printed reproduction.

PUCK has a large selection of these drawings by his representative artists framed and on exhibition in his own art-gallery, Puck Building, Houston and Lafayette Streets, where you are cordially invited to inspect them at any time. The prices will vary. PUCK will gladly quote price on any drawing you may select. Refer us to it by giving page and number of PUCK in which it appeared. Price will include express charges to destination.

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OF FINE WHISKEY WILL PRONOUNCE

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THE CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA—THE LAST LION.

—From *Punch*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insure your getting the very best.

MAKE YOU TIRED.

CHURCH.—What always makes a man tired on Sundays?

GOTHAM.—The illustrated comic supplements, usually.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM.

FIVE CENTS THE OUNCE AND IN 5¢ 10¢ AND 25¢ PACKETS

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JUST RIGHT AFTER DINNER Try Them! If you can't buy Chiclets in your neighborhood send us ten cents for a sample packet. Any Jobber will supply storekeepers with Chiclets.

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TWO PREVARICATORS.

"Come home with me to dinner tonight, Gormley."

"Delighted."

"I want you to hear my youngest daughter play the piano."

"By Jove! I'm awful sorry, old chap, but I have forgotten a most important engagement. Some other night, dear boy."

"Sorry about the engagement, Gormley. The fact is, I have neither a youngest daughter nor a piano!"—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.

CHANCE FOR A CHOICE.

"I want one of the new-spotted face-veils, please."

"Yes, madam. Specked, spattered, or splotched?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

LET US HOPE SO.

Thrown from her luxurious limousine, the fair girl had lain insensible for many hours. Now, however, the operation was over, consciousness had returned, and she spoke faintly in the darkened room.

"Yvonne?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle." The maid bent over her.

"Yvonne, tell me—Did I, or did I not, have on my new silk stockings?"—*Louisville Times*.

A
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Delight

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Cocktails

Ever wanted a cocktail, and found that gin, vermouth or whiskey had run out? This never happens with

CLUB COCKTAILS in the house. Keep a bottle on hand and have the best cocktail in the world always ready for serving.

Martini (gin base) Manhattan (whiskey base) are always popular.

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REASON FOR IT.

"Why is Maude so angry with the photographer?"

"She found a label on the back of her picture saying: 'The original of this photograph is carefully preserved.'—*Boston Transcript*.



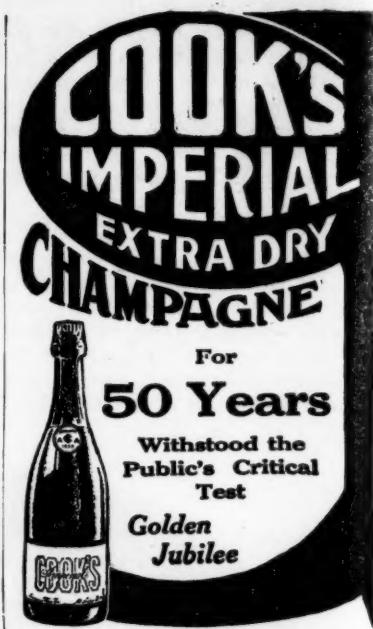
NOTHING IS CERTAIN.

"You can't tell what sort of a cook a wife will make."

"And you can't tell what sort of a wife a cook will make, and there you are."—*Washington Herald*.

A.—I used a word in speaking to my wife which offended her sorely a week ago. She has not spoken a syllable to me since.

B.—Would you mind telling me what it was?—*Fliegende Blätter*.



BACK TO TOWN.

Sweet Geraldine has just come back From regions out past Hackensack; Her heart is full of bill and coo, Her face is full of freckles, too, Her inmost thoughts are full of man, Her slender arms are full of tan, Her hair is full of drug-store gold, Her nose and head are full of cold, Her brand new dress-suit case, by gosh! Is full of clothes for ma to wash.

—*The Sun*.

SOMEWHAT CHEAPER.

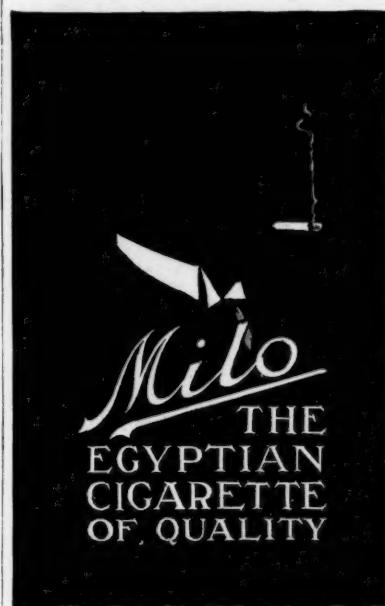
"Is it so, that you used to call regularly on that girl?"

"Yes; she always sang a song to me that I loved."

"Why didn't you marry her?"

"I found I could buy the song for fifty cents."—*The Circle*.

MANICURISTS would always be busy if they could improve the hands of poker players.—*Exchange*.



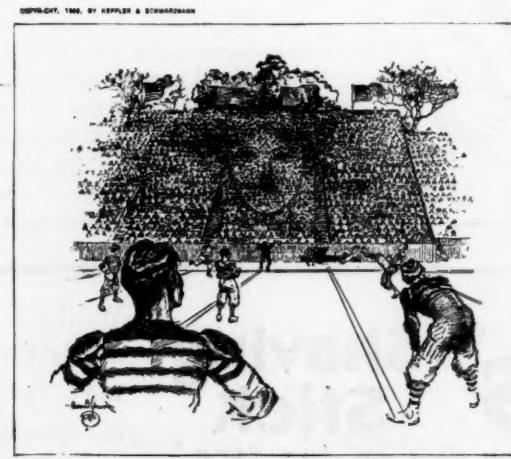
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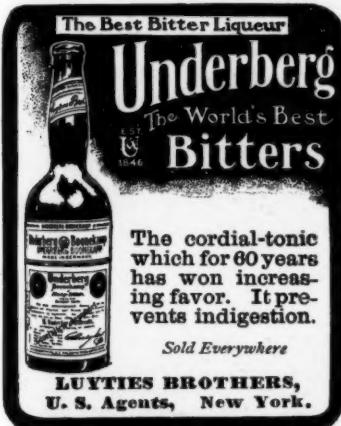
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DEPARTMENT.

"At the next picture, young ladies, you will all kindly blush and pass on rapidly to Number 157."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

MR. D—— went to the club, leaving Mrs. D—— with a lady friend whose abilities as a scandal-monger and mischief-maker were pre-eminent. When he returned he just poked his head into the drawing-room and said, with a sigh of relief: "That old cat's gone, I suppose?"

For an instant there was a profound silence, for as he uttered the last word he encountered the stony stare of the lady who had been in his mind. Then his wife came to the rescue:

"Oh yes, dear," she said. "I sent it to the cats' home in a basket this morning." — *Tit-Bits*.

TOO LATE.

IRATE WOMAN.—These photographs of myself and husband are not at all satisfactory, and I refuse to accept them. Why, my husband looks like a baboon!

PHOTOGRAPHER.—Well, that's no fault of mine, madam. You should have thought of that before you had him taken.—*Chicago Daily News*.

AWFUL FATE.

ARTHUR.—They say, dear, that people who live together get to look alike.

KATE.—Then you must consider my refusal as final.—*Christian Register*.

POSTED.

You women never keep posted on current events."

"Why, yes we do. I've been reading all about the finding of the Pole. But, John?"

"Well, what?"

"How did the Pole happen to be lost?" — *Public Ledger*.

ELDER.—Sarah, don't you know that you should fly from Drink, the tempter?

SARAH (not too well pleased).—Flee yersel'.

ELDER.—Oh, Sarah, I have flown.

SARAH.—Aweel, I think ye'll be nane the waur o' anither flutter.—*Manchester Guardian*.

JONES.—I thought Barton had better table manners. When his pie was served at Brown's the other night he actually ate it with a knife.

BONES.—I don't blame him for that.

JONES.—You don't blame him!

BONES.—No. I have eaten pie at Brown's myself, and it is a wonder to me that Barton didn't take an ax.—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.



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For one hundred years, this famous old liquor has been the standard by which all other whiskies were judged. In the days of America's earliest civilization this liquor was recognized as the perfected product of skilful distillation.

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The Christmas Holidays are coming. The Christmas Puck will be on hand, as usual, to help gladden the occasion and, incidentally, to show you where and what to buy for holiday gifts and cheer.

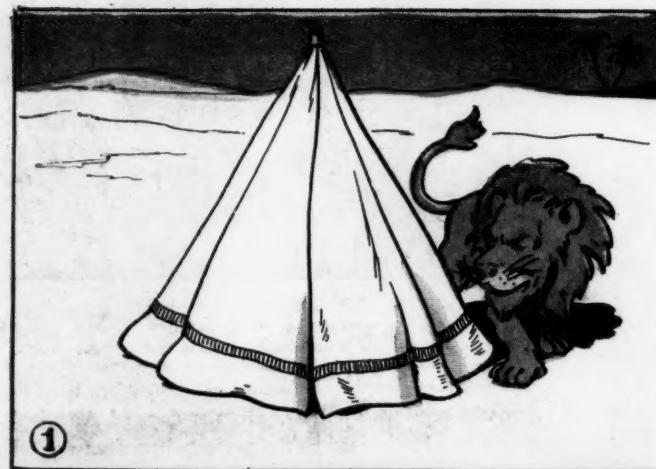
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